

Mrs. Reid to the girls: "The true key to success is certainly not the night latch key."

Marjory: "How shall I cut this cake?"
Alice: "With a sharp glance."

Lucille: "Where shall I find if the Empress of France has reached England?"
Fiji: "Society Column."

Bea, hearing that the Juniors are to provide "atmosphere" for a "Midsummer Night's Dream," looks around and remarks contemptuously: "Rather substantial atmosphere."

Marjory: "I think Lois is awfully clever."
Friend: "Why, how do you mean?"
Marjory: "Oh, I don't know, but we always get on so well together!"

She: "I left something upstairs."
It: "What was it?"
She: "Oh, nothing!"
It: "I'll bring it right down."

Bunny: "Say, Marj., can you do that trick where you bend over backward, and sweep your hair on the floor."
Marj. (who had a Dutch cut last year): "Are you trying to be sarcastic?"

Sunday School Teacher: "When Daniel was in the lion's den, they refused to eat him. Now, what is the moral of this?"

Willie (still suffering from the effects of a heavy dinner): "Please teacher, the moral is, don't eat everything you see."

Junior: "I can't figure out what Wordsworth meant in this poem."

Other Junior: "Ask Lois; if she doesn't know, she'll make up something that will make the poor man wonder how he never happened to think of that himself."

Isobel, describing the hotels of Atlantic City: "They are marvellous buildings, just like ruined castles."

Aletha, describing the sad fate of a Mounted Policeman: "The poor man was frozen to death, so could go no farther."

Jane: "I'm sure you would like Steve, Bea."
Bea: "Why, what's the matter with him?"

Bea: "Is she fond of sports?"
Lois: "Evidently, did you see the one she brought to the dance?"

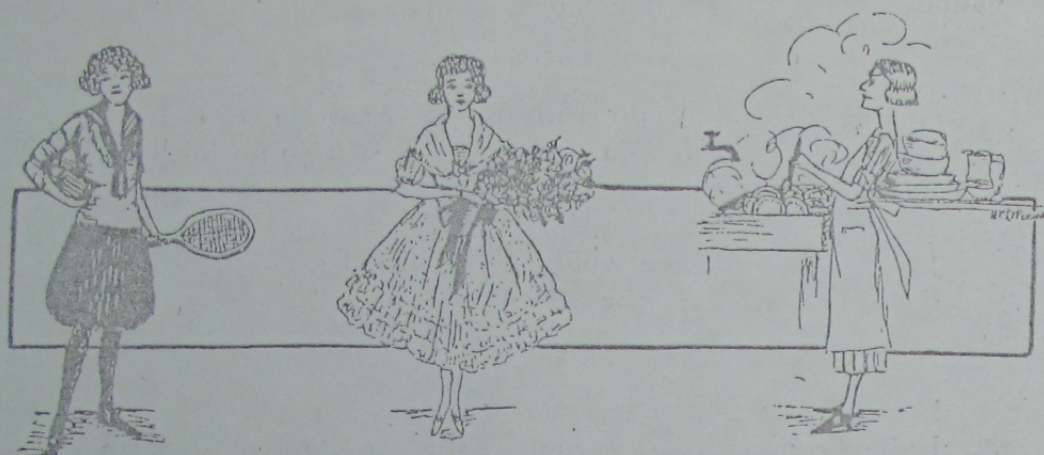
Dot, after a dusty walk: "You'd never think I cleaned these boots myself, would you?"
Kay: "Yes, I think you would."

Old lady, to the conductor: "Help me out; I'm an old woman."
Conductor (always gallant): "Whatever your age is, lady, you don't look it."

Better than Nothing. —Maiden lady to Mrs. Murphy, whose battered appearance bears witness to her domestic troubles: "Why Mrs. Murphy, what's the matter?" Then feeling herself on delicate ground: "Well, never mind, things might be worse."

Mrs. Murphy, bridling and speaking with point: "Yes, I mightn't have been married at all."

EVOLUTION.



Yours not to reason why,
Yours but to wash and dry.

The Passing Year

Impressions of our Graduating Class.

Marjory McGillivray:

Chilly summer evenings in hammocks built for two; afternoon sunshine and lengthening shadows; a swallow dive; a thrilling game of poker.

Dorothy Wright:

A sleek little pussy-cat blinking at the sun; sweet-briar roses; the heroine of any unsophisticated love story.

Bessie MacKendrick:

A gray mist on the green hills of Antrim; that chic afternoon creation; Oh, shades of Paris shops!

Edith McFaul:

The smile of a May morning. Strawberry shortcake and whipped cream; somebody's sweetheart.

Lillian Eastwood:

Those little mice that run in and out of all the old houses in Gloucester; a dainty tread; a happy disposition.

Jean McLaughlin:

The voice of pine trees on the evening breeze; fireflies in the summer twilight; the eyes of a Raphael Madonna.

Kathleen Thorp:

Little Boy Blue; pink chiffon; rosemary and mignonette.

Greta Sorrow:

School-days, rule days, pinafores and socks; a miniature maid of Orleans.

Lena Sanders:

The things you cried about when you were little; the dolls you broke; a sprig of Christmas holly.

Aletha Orr:

"Stately trains" and "Queenly heads;" Cleopatra floating down the Nile.

Alice Gates:

Blue irises in lonely sunlit marshes; that—" 'tis better to have loved and lost"—look.

Frances White:

The incarnation of sincerity; Indian summer in primeval forests; any poet's ideal of a friend.

Josephine Barrington:

A brown-eyed Susan; her gaze far fixed in realms of poesy and dreams; our literary bud.

The Junior Schedule

Lets take for instance, Monday morn,
When we arrive at school,
With wands we are presented—
Looks like a game of pool,
And then there are those funny things,
I think you call them clubs;
When we start swinging them around,
You have to call us dubs.

While looking o'er the schedule,
"Anatomy"—we spy.
"My kingdom for a book, a bone,
A drawing," is the cry.
While furiously we're taking note
Of broken jaws, and ribs a'float,
A bell o'erhead doth tinkle sweet,
Then comes a lowering of feet.

Next we adjourn to studio,
Our teacher's most magnetic,
But if you'd follow in her flights,
Your soul must be aesthetic.
Of Shakespeare, Browning, Keats, and Scott,
We think we ought to know a lot,
But when you get us down to facts
We're only Juniors full of lacks.

WINNIFRED PRENDERGAST.



Au Bal

"Have you got a man?" "Have you got a man?" was the sum total of school interrogation for a week before the dance. We did not answer—we had a man, though as yet we had not gazed upon his face. He was a borrowed man—borrowed for the occasion.

The fateful night arrived. After agonizing moments spent searching under beds, in bureaus, on shelves, for mislaid finery we were at length arrayed. The buzz of a door bell, and we were thrust into the clutches of the borrowed man, precipitated into a taxi, and whirled to the scene of our hoped for triumphs.

On arrival at the stately Greek edifice, we parted temporarily from our borrowed man, and hurried to the dressing rooms. Here pandemonium reigned. Finally in the crowd, someone pushed us towards a female busily scribbling on a pad. "Name please?" she said and we noted that she added to our appellation, "Pink silk." With that quiet dignity which marked us as a student of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression we expanded our torso, brought the sternum over the basis of support, breathed once for life and once for voice, focused our breath behind our teeth, and said, making our inflections very straight: "Coral charmeuse, with rose-point lace and black Prince of Wales fan."

Then with a final dab of powder and a hasty glance in the mirror to see that our invisibles were still invisible, we ascended with beating heart to rejoin our borrowed man. Men everywhere! Which belonged to us? For our hasty transit in the dim taxi had left us uncertain of his features. At last we identified him, and together we entered the hall.

What eastern splendor met our gaze! The oriental rugs, the burning incense pots, the shaded lamps, the graceful palms, the profusion of spring flowers, and the rainbow-hued balloons

1.22

suspended from the gallery, had transformed the severity of the hall into the luxuriance of a veritable bower of bliss where joy reigned unrestrained.

Heading straight for the reception line we heard a low voice on our left say, "Name please." We turned, gave it, and found ourselves confronted by a tall dark gentleman in perfect fitting evening clothes. Sorry to have thus seemingly ignored him, we were about to shake his hand feelingly, when suddenly he made the welken ring with our humble patronymic, and we found ourselves being received by the august row.

After these formalities, we tripped the light fantastic to the melting strains of "Mademoiselle from Armentières" and other inspiring airs played by an invisible orchestra. The mere groundlings danced on the solid floor, while we seniors, having souls to soar, waltzed, toddled, trotted and one-stepped in the airier regions of the balcony, to our own entire satisfaction, until, in a sudden pause in the music, the following remark fell sharply on our ears: "The toddling down here is appalling, but Heavens! Above!"

Among the outstanding features of the evening we must not fail to mention the eighth and eleventh dances. As the music for the eighth began, myriads of balloons floated from the gallery, one large, and sausage shaped, especially attracting the revellers. A stampede ensued. Everyone dashed to secure the sausage balloon, which suffered a sudden collapse in the struggle. The eleventh dance was the lucky number, our residence belle winning the prize with No. 31 danced to the romantic strains of the "Maiden's Prayer" with her brother—our borrowed man. War ensued as to who should have the prize. The belle was valiantly supported by her comrades of the Margaret Eaton Residence, while her rival received aid from his noble D.K.E. mates, our own hearts being torn between—our friend?—or our borrowed man? Needless to say the fair sex won the day.

At one o'clock, dancing ceased and we, limping on broken transverse arches, our nose shiny, our hair hanging in wisps at the sides, but past all caring for such minor details, were borne safely homeward by our borrowed man, tired but oh, so happy!

Jo: "I feel just like a nice, cold shower."

Dot: "And I feel like the last rose of summer."

Lois: "The combination should work wonders."

Some Events of Note

In speaking of events worthy of mention we should like to include the Commencement exercises of 1920. Among these were the following: A recital of dancing given at Hart House by the graduating year in May, the Sheap Shearing scene from the Winter's Tale given by the school at Mrs. Timothy Eaton's country home in Oakville; the grand final performance given at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. Plays were here presented by the Junior and Senior Years, by the Children's Dramatic Class, and by the Associate Players. Commencement took place in June, Canon Plumtree reading the address and Lady Eaton presenting the diplomas and prizes.

Many enjoyable functions were given during the present school year, amongst them being a very jolly open air party at Mr. R. Y. Eaton's home, in Port Credit, a Hallowe'en masquerade, a corn roast, an initiation and a Christmas party.

The following plays were presented during the school year by Seniors and Juniors: The Land of Heart's Desire, Mrs. Pat and the Law, La Lettre Chargée, L'Oiseau Bleu, a Nativity Play, The Maker of Magic, St. George and the Dragon, Overtones, Between the Soup and the Savoury, Two Strings to her Bow, and Mistress Runaway.

The special social event of the year was our school dance in February, which was a great success.

The Alumnae were very active, giving numerous luncheons and teas, also one large tea dance, the object being to raise money for the orphan they support in France.

Studio recitals this year were very interesting. At one of the most enjoyable we were honored by the presence of a number of our Canadian poets, amongst them being Jean Blewett, Katherine Hale, Nora Holland, Mrs. Egerton, Verna Sheard and Mrs. Bowman.

EITH McFAUL.

The Graduating Class and the out-of-town Students are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton for one of the most enjoyable functions of the year. The evening was spent in dancing at their beautiful summer home just outside Port Credit. In spite of the day and the date (Friday, May 13th) there was no flaw to mar the perfect enjoyment of the evening, unless it was the thought of having to rise early next morning for rehearsal.

Residentia

Residence Jottings

Tongue cannot utter, pen cannot write, words cannot describe the happy band of pilgrims, sojourning in sweet companionship (?) and utter bliss (!!) at 39 Dundonald Street.

In September, amid the smell of fresh paint we again took possession. One by one the little lambs jazzed into the fold. The setting of blue and white is particularly appropriate for the sweet and girlish figures that flit hither and thither, eating and sleeping the happy hours away, when the work for the day is done.

The chief pastimes of the dining room are answering the telephone, counting prune stones, and reading tea cups. Special mention for the last-named accomplishment is due to Misses Lillian Rogers, Blanche Falls and Jean Douglas, who with invariable success, portray in vivid pictures, the future life of each and all.

We expect the piano soon to go on strike, for at all hours it is forced to give forth sounds, sweet or otherwise. Besides the piano, we might mention among the instruments of the residence jazz orchestra, two ukeleles, two hawaiian guitars, two mandolins and a violin. In addition, a mouth organ, combs and coat hanger are at times pressed into service.

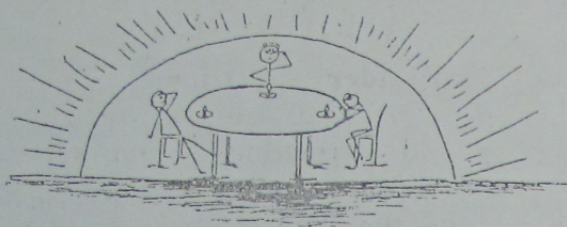
On the table in the hall one's eyes fall on a much-bescribbled book which on close observation reveals the whereabouts of the girls on their evening wanderings.

On entering the living room one is struck by the homelike atmosphere. The blue curtains against the cream walls, the gay chintz upholstery, the shaded lamp, and the fireplace, add to the attractiveness. Many parties have been staged in these delightful surroundings, among them being the tea given on Thursday afternoon, February 16th, to the Directors, Faculty and Alumnae of the school. Mrs. Nasmith and Mrs. Reid received in the drawing room. Mrs. Ralph Carter poured tea in the blue dining room, assisted by the girls.

On Tuesday, February 21st, the day-students were the guests of Mrs. Reid and the residence girls. Miss Alice Gates presided at the tea table. Those present included also Mrs. Nasmith, Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Mrs. Burnside, Mr. R. Y. Eaton.

Student government was instituted this year and has proved a great success. If the residence continues in the future what it has been in the past, we feel quite safe in saying that it will indeed prove a happy home for the out-of-town students.

We feel specially grateful to Mrs. Reid for the kind interest she has taken in the residence and the girls.



Dawn(nq)

Deflation

Morning once more! The majority succeeded in reaching the dining room before the final and fatal closing of the door. A few brave Scots tackled bowls of porridge, others cereal, and the rest just waited—hoping for the best.

After some time, small, oval-shaped objects, in odd looking little dishes were placed before us, we stared at them open-mouthed, then stared at each other. Whatever they were, no one knew; evidently they were intended to be eaten. One brave soul ventured to touch one: they were hard, very hard, but that did not solve our problem.

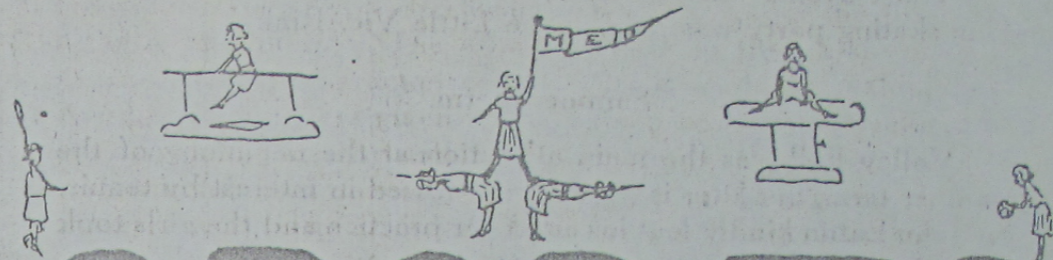
I had a feeling I ought to know. Perhaps in a former existence, I had been, in some way, connected with these objects. I tried to remember. Gradually a vision came. I saw myself a little child; I saw a quaint old farm-house with cows, pigs and chickens—yes chickens—but what had that to do with it? Chickens running about, chickens on nests. My mind focused on nests—light dawned—"An egg" I breathed in an awed voice. The table began to whirl, eggs, small and large, white and brown went whizzing by me. I put my hand to my head. It was not there—a huge egg had taken its place. I fainted.

BESSIE McKENDRICK.

The Third Floor

Perry to the left of me,
Fiji to the right of me,
There on the third floor
Volleyed and thundered.
Mine not to reason why;
Just stop my ears or die;
Though only two of them,
They sound like six hundred.

EDNA STABLER.



SPORTS

Fall Term.

The Margaret Eaton girls this year have been as usual tremendously enthusiastic about sports.

In the early fall we devote our time to Basket Ball. The Athletic Club was divided into four teams, each team playing two rounds. This gave all members an opportunity of learning the game, and finally a tournament was played off. The result was as follows:—

Games won 6,	Team 4,	Captain, M. McGillivray.
" " 2,	" 3,	K. Pepler.
" " 2,	" 2,	J. Robinson.
" " 2,	" 1,	B. Hamilton.

No first team was chosen this year but certain girls were picked to represent the school, when playing outsiders. In a friendly game with Glen Mawr the score was tied 18-18. The second outside game was with Moulton, M. E. S. being victorious in a score of 11-20. The Moulton team played a clean game throughout, and we are sorry there was no return match. A game of much interest both to players and onlookers, was that between Branksome Hall and M.E.S. A close battle ensued, the final score being 24-28 in favor of M. E. S.

The feature of the year was a picnic at Mr. R. Y. Eaton's summer home at Port Credit. Starting with swimming we safely survived a strenuous but enjoyable programme consisting of baseball, tennis, riding, canoeing, sailing, track events, dancing and "EATS." It is seldom that dreams come true.

Winter Term.

Track events were the chief interest during the winter term. One skating party was held at the Little Vic. Rink.

Summer Term.

Volley Ball was the main attraction at the beginning of the summer term, but later it was overshadowed in interest by tennis, Sir John Eaton kindly lent his court for practice and the girls took full advantage of this privilege.

A swimming exhibition under the supervision of Mr. Corsan, was given at the Central Y. M. C. A., on March 4th. The onlookers suffered from heat, the participants from cold. Mr. Corsan did several interesting stunts, and fancy diving was demonstrated by some of his private pupils.

On April 22nd the competition for the various cups took place in the Y. M. C. A. swimming tank. The results were:

Edith K. Amsden Cup....M. McGillivray.

Lilian Levesconte Cup....E. Disney.

R. Y. Eaton CupM. McGillivray.

The R. Y. Eaton cup was competed for in a race between the winners of the first two.

Miss McGregor, as President, carried the Athletic Club through its most successful year, while no one more suited for the position of Captain could be found than Norah McLennan.

J. R. and M. McG.

Pat, who works in a munition factory, for a master proverbially hard, had been blown up in an explosion.

Mike: "And what did yer boss do for ye, Pat?"

Pat: "Docked me pay for the time I was up."

Frances, at the telephone, made nervous by a crowd of listeners: "Is that the hairdresser's? I can't be there at one, but I'll come for my hair at two, if that's convenient."

Physical Training Notes

On the evening of April 18th, 1921, the Monday Night Dancing Class gave their closing exhibition, under the direction of Miss Hamilton. The affair went off in the usual splendid manner which characterizes all Miss Hamilton's exhibitions. Besides the numbers given by the senior and junior members of the class, Miss Strathy and Miss Baskette delighted the audience with a number of dances. Two wee tots of the primary department danced "The Dresden China Gavotte" very gracefully.

A regulation uniform has been adopted for the Juniors this year and it is hoped that it will next year become the uniform for the entire school. It consists of a navy blue serge tunic over a plain white blouse. It is a decided improvement on the middies and skirts.

What a thrilling and impressive sight was Miss Hamilton's exhibition of Gym work and dancing at the Arena Gardens, April 29th. To see five hundred girls perform a series of exercises really complex and difficult with such perfect ease, was extremely gratifying. The Misses Phyllis Strathy and Esther Baskette gave a charming interpretative dance "School Days." The members of the Eaton Club tripped the "light fantastic" in Country and Maypole dances. The enthusiasm and accuracy of Miss Janet Blythe's work was a credit to our school. Miss Edith K. Amsden was an able assistant to Miss Hamilton, having trained all the Junior girls.

The Cause of it All

I would my tongue could utter
Some thoughts that arise in me!
From dawn of day till midnight
Ye Gods!—Anatomy!

I hate those awful muscles
That in us mortals be,
Where are their wierd insertions?
Ye Gods!—Anatomy!

Why were we made so queerly?
'Tis more than I can see;
Of bones and skin and muscles
Ye Gods!—Anatomy!

Now, when my life is ended,
Write plain, as plain can be,
The poor girl died of studying,
Ye Gods!—Anatomy!

MARJORY MCGILLIVRAY.

Alumnae Notes



Phyllis Strathy

A Successful Recital

One of the most enjoyable recitals that has ever been given under the auspices of the Owen Sound Music Club was that at which Miss Phyllis Strathy and Miss Lorna McLean danced. Interpretative dancing is an innovation in Owen Sound, and everyone was simply delighted. "Beautiful" was the most widely used term in discussion of the event.

The duets were fascinating, while Miss Strathy in "Vive la France" and Miss McLean in the "Gypsy Beggar" were simply perfect. Their

other dances were excellent, too, but, to me, a proud fellow student, and to many others, the two dances specified were especially exquisite. Both the young artists have remarkable talent, and one can see they love their art, their interpretation is so inspired. We hope they will return before long, and give us another such treat.

Owen Sound, May 7th.

MARGARET CREASOR.

Personalities

Mrs. Moore, (Dora Mavor) is to be congratulated on her artistic interpretation of "Everyman," in the excellent presentation given by the St. James' Cathedral Community Players. It is interesting to recall that Mrs. Moore played the part of "Beauty," in Edith Matheson's production of the play, and was at one time a member of the Ben Greet Company.

Mrs. Forgie, (Elizabeth Coultard) played the part of "Gloria" very acceptably in the Hart House production of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

Sarah Hamilton is in the Social Service Department of the Toronto General Hospital, while Dorothy Crossland is in Training at the Sick Children's Hospital, and Marion Hall, at the Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Stella Grier has returned from a winter's study in New York and Boston, and has re-opened her studio at 707 Yonge Street. Miss Grier is specializing as an illustrator, her interpretation of childhood being particularly interesting.

Mrs. L. Webster, (Helen Blackford,) formerly on the Staff of Glen Mawr, is now settled in her new apartment at the Wellsboro.

Mrs. Robert E. Fennel (Dorothy Scott-Raff) formerly Secretary of the Margaret Eaton School Extension, is moving into a charming new house in Oriole Gardens.

Mrs. MacPherson, (Margaret Breed) before her marriage, teacher of Physical Education at Bishop Strachan School, and at Moulton College, has returned to her home in California, after a brief visit to Toronto.

Elsie Heustis, for two years head of the Playground work in Hamilton, and later, on the staff of Moulton College, is taking a post graduate course in Remedial and Massage work in Philadelphia.

Phyllis Strathy is now head of the Physical Training Department of St. Margaret's College. She and Lorna MacLean gave a rarely successful recital of interpretative dancing in Owen Sound, under the auspices of the Music Club.

Helene Rogers is head of the Dramatic Art Department of Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Helen Le Vesconte, until recently in charge of the Girls Physical Training Department at the Central Technical School, was instrumental in forming the Girls Intercollegiate Basketball League in Toronto.

Helen McFetridge is directing the dramatic productions of the Eaton Recreation Club, in addition to assisting in the same Department at the M.E.S.

Dorothy Taylor, who was for a time in charge of the Expression Department of the London Conservatory of Music, has returned to New York, to enter the Public Health Service. Miss Taylor has been succeeded in London by Miss Topley Thomas.

Carolyn Stockton continues to give great satisfaction as a teacher of Physical Training at MacDonald Hall, Guelph.

Lillian Le Vesconte is acting as Assistant-Secretary at the Margaret Eaton School.

Grace Baxter, who has been teaching Physical Training at Branksome Hall for the past year, leaves in June for England, to visit her brother, Arthur Beverly Baxter, author of "The Blower of Bubbles," and of "The Parts Men Play."



Mildred Marsh in "The Blue Bird"

Edith Amsden is Miss Hamilton's Assistant in the Physical Department of the Eaton Girl's Club. The Exhibition given this year in the Arena was the most successful in the history of the Club.

Esther Baskette is on the staff of Glen Mawr, and also of Bishop Strachan School.

Gertrude Moore is teaching Physical Training at St. Mildred's College, and, in the evening, at the Central Technical School.

Mildred Marsh is a graduate of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, and of the Vestoff-Serova School of Dancing, New York. Miss Marsh took an important part in the ballet in the original production of "Aphrodite" in New York, and, during the past season, has toured with Nora A. Bayes in "Her Family Tree."

Mildred Marsh, who has been touring for the past season with Nora Bayes in "Her Family Tree," was for two years Assistant Instructor at the Vestoff-Serova Russian School of Dancing, of which she is a graduate. Miss Marsh danced in a duet in the original production of "Aphrodite," in New York.

Greta Drew is touring with an English Company, which is presenting Grand Opera in the Western States.

Pearl McNeal has given up teaching and has taken to business life. Recent additions to the School "grandchildren" are Mrs. Hamill's little son, and the little daughters of Mrs. Earl Smith, Mrs. Forgie, and Mrs. McCurdy.

Philosophy

I talked with him about his books,
He read my criticisms;
I liked his manner and his looks,
And he my witticisms.

I thought our pleasant intercourse
Might have gone on forever,
Because I heard (through friends of course)
He thought me rather clever.

Until one day he met by chance,
A girl all dressed in pink;
And from that moment looked askance
At paper, pen and ink.

In the sun and in the rain,
They walked and talked together;
I even heard them make inane
Remarks about the weather.

I hoped perhaps she wouldn't stay,
Still on and on she tarried
Until at last they ran away,
And foolishly were married.

That my poor heart was broken,
Was Dame Gossip's silly rumor;
But that was not the truth, because
I have a sense of humor.

And, after all, the sort of girl
A wise man will select,
Is she who cultivates a curl,
And not an intellect.

So, if you really wish to wed,
The way is very simple,
Forget your knowledge, and instead
Just smile and show a dimple.

DOROTHY TAYLOR

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 Miss Hamilton Fergus, Ont.
 Miss MacGregor 167 Putnam Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
 Miss McFetridge 207 Close Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
 Madame Goudis 2 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ont.
 Mr. Greaves Baby Point, Toronto, Ont.

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 Miss LeVesconte 532 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ont.

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 Hughes, Kathleen G. 467 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.
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 MacKendrick, Bessie K. Galt, Ont.
 MacLennan, Norah C. 2 Sultan St., Toronto, Ont.
 McFaul, Edith M. Collingwood, Ont.
 McGillivray, H. Marjorie Whitby, Ont.
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 Orr, L. Aletha Peace River, Alberta
 Parsons, Helen M. 23 Admiral Rd., Toronto, Ont.
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 Perry, Marion 189 Hunter St., Peterborough, Ont.
 Prat, Dorothy E. 179 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 Prendergast, Winnifred R. 28 Selby St., Toronto, Ont.
 Pugsley, Lena B. 86 Wells Hill Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Richardson, M. Francis 85 Bloor St. E., Toronto, Ont.
 Robinson, Josephine 173 Lowther Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Rogers, Lilian S. 44 Centre St., St. Thomas, Ont.
 Sanders, Lena M. Stouffville, Ont.
 Scarrow, Greta N. Creemore, Ont.
 Stabler, Edna C. 2395, 4th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.
 Thomson, Alice W. 113 St. George St., Toronto, Ont.
 Thorp, Kathleen E. 215 Glasgow St., Toronto, Ont.
 Williams, Andreana H. 60 St. Mary's St., Toronto, Ont.
 White, Frances M. 10 Pine St., Belleville, Ont.
 Wright, Dorothy H. 72 Pine Crest Rd., Toronto, Ont.

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 Adam, Wilma 57 Walmer Road, Toronto, Ont.
 Amsden, Edith K. 95 Howland Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Armstrong, Letitia R. "Windycroft," Forest Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 Ayer, Mrs. Albert (Alice C. Smart) 4212 Western Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 Baillie, Alice 68 Hilton Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Baskette, Esther 11 Cawthra Square, Toronto, Ont.
 Ball, Mrs. J. L. (Isabel Wilcox) 6 King's Bench Walk, Inner Temple, London, E.C., England
 Baxter, Grace 64 Atlas Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Baker, Mrs. Ernest (Edna Sheppard) Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
 Boyle, Florence P. 23 Parkwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Bunker, Ethel M. 310 Kingston Road, Toronto, Ont.
 Bradfield, Mrs. F. M. (Marcia Kammerer) 350 Montrose Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Crossland, Dorothy 8 Crown Park Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 Cameron, Ruby Islington, Ont.
 Casselman, Jean Chesterville, Ont.
 Cameron, Kathleen 418, Merton St., Toronto, Ont.
 Carter, Mrs. Ralph (Gladys Grosskurth) 1 Bryce Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Chapman, Margaret A. 125 Sunnyside Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Dowling, Jennie 125 Kendall Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 De Long, Carrie Calgary, Alta.
 Drew, Greta 565 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ont.
 Ede, Mrs. A. J. (Jean Moore) Woodstock, Ont.
 Elgood, Mrs. Richard (Margaret Field) St. Thomas, Ont.
 Fennell, Mrs. R. E. (Dorothy Scott Raff) Oriole Gardens, Toronto, Ont.
 Forgie, Mrs. James (Elizabeth Coulthard) 40 St. Leonards Ave., Toronto
 Callahan, Mrs. (Erminie Black) Harriston, Ont.
 Cawley, Annie
 Gould, Cora G.
 Grier, Stella E. 322 Spadina Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 Hall, Marion D. New York
 Hamill, Mrs. R. E. (Sylvia McAllister) Holyoke, Mass.
 Hamilton, Sarah E. S. Sherbourne Club, Toronto, Ont.
 Hincks, Mrs. W. H. 105 Bernard Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Huestis, Elsie 54 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.
 Johnston, Myrle H. Chesley, Ont.
 Lackner, Vina
 Lambe, Elizabeth 2 Hawthorne Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Landers, Ida M.
 LeVesconte, Helen P. 532 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.
 Luttrell, Helena V.
 Macartney, Grace E. Thorold, Ont.
 MacKendrick, Norah Galt, Ont.
 MacMullen, Dorothy Dixie, Ont.
 Magwood, Josephine 46 Barton Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Marsh, Mildred 319 West 57th St., New York
 Moore, Mrs. F. (Dora Mavor) St. James Parish House, Toronto, Ont.
 Modeland, Ida Biggar, Sask.
 Mehr, Mrs. S. M. (Faly Willinsky) 395 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Marlow, Mrs. F. M. (Florence Walten) 417 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ont.
 Moore, Gertrude 105 Colbeck St., Toronto, Ont.
 McPherson, Mrs. Alfred (Margaret Breed) Omaha, Neb.
 McNeill, Pearl 565 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.
 McFetridge, Helen L. 207 Close Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 McPhie, Mrs. (Gertrude Hutchinson) Hamilton, Ont.
 McLean, Lorna G. 57 Highlands Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Needham, Gladys 438 Crawford St., Toronto, Ont.
 Niemeier, Mrs. Otto (Ruby Wilson) Hamilton, Ont.
 Peterson, Dorothy
 Philip, Gertrude Hamilton, Ont.

Rogers, Helen	St. Thomas, Ont.
Ritchie, Marjorie	141 Avenue Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Reid, Dorothea	87 Pleasant Blvd., Toronto, Ont.
Sanderson, Bessie	Vancouver, B.C.
Sanderson, Kathleen	Vancouver, B.C.
Sanderson, Elsie	Brantford, Ont.
Scott, Mrs. A. W. (Jessie Louise Bach)	Los Angeles, Cal.
Startup, Hazel	Winnipeg, Man.
Smith, Mrs. W. E. (Gretta Burden)	Humewood Apts., Toronto, Ont.
Sneath, Mrs. W. W. (Isabel Rumsey)	32 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.
Strathy, Phyllis	11 Bernard Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Stewart, Mrs. Cameron	Cleveland, Claremont Rd., Surbiton, England
Stockton, Carolyn W.	11 Pinewood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Smith, Margaret	Consort, Alta.
Snyder, Elizabeth	Stratford, Ont.
Seaman, Josephine	367 Indian Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Taylor, Dorothy	76 Spadina Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Taylor, Margaret	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Tisdall, Betty	340 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Tremayne, Helen	Mimico, Ont.
Urquhart, May	Port Credit, Ont.
Webster, Mrs. Lawrence L.	Wellsboro' Apts., Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
Young, Ivy O.	



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cause we take precautions that the room be cool, or the warmth in winter because we know how to assure warmth with a saving of fuel.

While resting, we will tell what contributed to the good spirits of your family at the evening meal. What we do for you similarly we do for them. What you for years have accepted as inevitable petty annoyances of household routine, we have studied with a view to overcoming. We found that much could be done for the woman in the home. It's her Home, but also her Workshop. We applied the fundamental principles of factory production—minimum operations—maximum results. So, because of our care, the preparation of breakfast and dinner, the clearing away and washing of dishes and their return each to its proper place, cleaning rugs, tidying up, laundering, all have been facilitated. Also, many annoyances of usual daily occurrence have been avoided; parcels delivered when no one was home were not left exposed to rain, there was a place for them; ice was conveniently deposited in the refrigerator, and it will not melt quickly allowing food to spoil; the garbage can is convenient to the sink and inaccessible to stray dogs; nothing was found in the basement ruined through dampness, nor were clothes found to be damaged by moths; the "no-cost" store-room again was a blessing; the plumber or roof repair man did not have to be summoned; the coal man had ready access to the bins, yet no one climbed over coal to open the window, and coal dust did not penetrate upstairs; the baby did not fall over the too-low verandah railing; the maid neither complained of a stuffy room nor of a house hard to work in, but claims her kitchen is the brightest and easiest imaginable to work in; your coal bill arrived and was a pleasant surprise compared to your neighbor's; and the tax bill, too, was less than his because, though he has the same number of rooms of approximately the size of yours, his house is larger than your home, as his contains much waste space; he paid for this waste space and now pays taxes on it year after year. And so, in many ways, through careful study, knowledge of requirements, and ingenuity in devising solutions to everyday problems, and eliminating unnecessary work and petty, irritating annoyances, we keep your wife and her domestic help contented. And you reap the benefit, for we are familiar with the thousand and one details, many of which you hardly imagine would come under our attention, and which you would overlook in building. A few of these we have suggested; each requires treatment of which you may know little, and most of our special features are of our own devising and exclusive with us.

W. Breden Galbraith,

Architect

"HOMES - NOT HOUSES"
LIMITED
EXCELSIOR LIFE BLDG.



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